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he had said this he went out again unto the Jews, and saith unto them, I find in him no fault at all."

Had Pilate waited for a reply, what answer would he have received? Possibly the same as that given to the woman of Samaria, who, pleading for the worship of her fathers, said to him, "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain, and ye say that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship." "Woman, believe me the hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. The hour cometh when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship him. GOD IS A SPIRIT; AND THEY THAT WORSHIP HIM MUST WORSHIP HIM IN SPIRIT AND IN TRUTH."

All religions profess to afford God the worship of the heart. Any other would be an insolent mockery. All religions also profess to be led by the Spirit of God.

"Because I have spoken those things," says the Saviour (John xvi. 6.), "sorrow hath filled your hearts; but I will tell you the truth, it is expedient to you that I go, for if I go not the Paraclete (the Comforter) will not come to you; but if I go I will send him to you. I have yet many things to say to you, but you cannot bear them now; but when He the Spirit of Truth is come, he will teach you all truth."—John xvi. 13 (Douay Bible).

How, then, is this teaching to be secured, and what does it teach? On this do men greatly differ, and probably ever will, until the commands of St. Paul to Timothy are more generally obeyed. "I charge thee, before God and Jesus Christ, who shall judge the living and the dead by his coming and his kingdom, Preach the word: be instant in season, out of season; reprove, exhort, rebuke in all patience and doctrine. For there shall be a time when they will not endure sound doctrine: but according to their own desires, they will heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and will, indeed, turn away their hearing from the truth, and will be turned unto fables."—2 Tim. iv. 1.

As laymen, however, we must not sermonize; and, therefore, return to Lord Bacon, whose admiration for truth, and success in discovering it, have stamped his name with immortality. "The poet saith excellently well, it is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tossed upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle and the adventures thereof below; but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of truth (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene), and to see the errors and wanderings, and mists and tempests in the vale below, so that this prospect be seen with pity not with pride. Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth; and however things may be, in some men's depraved judgments and assertions, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the INQUIRY OF TRUTH, which is the love-making or wooing of it; THE KNOWLEDGE OF TRUTH, which is the presence of it; and the BELIEF OF TRUTH, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. The first creation of God, in the works of his days, was the light of the sense, the last was the light of reason, and his Sabbath work ever since is the illumination of his Spirit. First he breathed light upon the face of matter or chaos, then he breathed light into the face of man, and still he breatheth and inspirith light into the face of his chosen."

"Awake thou that sleepest and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."—Ephes. v. 14. If we can be instrumental, in ever so humble a degree, in leading others to see the true light more clearly than they have yet done, we shall not have written in vain; and even should we therein fail, we shall still not be without our reward, if we be ourselves led by the Spirit of Truth into a more clear and full light. The love of truth, we incline to think, claims alliances much with the heart as with the head; no vicious man was ever a lover of it. Our reasoning faculties were not given us for the exercise of whim or fancy, but to be the active instruments of guiding us to both truth and happiness. We hold it to be a pernicious practice to enter into disputations merely for the sake of argument. Such a course, if continued long, would make a man insensible to truth, and unninge the whole fabric of his mind. This we shall attempt to avoid; and shall ever be more anxious to agree with others than to differ, where we can do so without sacrificing truth. If we can thereby assist any of our fellow-countrymen to make progress in real knowledge, and clear away some, at least, of the clouds of prejudice which hang over the opinions of men who have not taken the pains to cultivate their reason, and steadily employ it in the pursuit of truth, we shall not have lived or rolled our tub altogether in vain.

A GLASS EYE.—An Emir had bought a left eye of a glass-maker, supposing that he would be able to see with it. The man begged him to give it a little time: he could not expect that it would see, all at once, as well as the right eye, which had been for so many years in the habit of it.—Coleridge.

ERIN MAVOURNEEN.

Remember thee! yes, while there's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee—great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea—
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow;
But, oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

No! thy chains as they rattle thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE ISLE OF SAINTS.

THERE is a melancholy pleasure in looking back upon the past greatness of times long gone; and surely there is no feature in the ancient history of our beloved but unhappy country, on which a true Irishman can dwell with such interest and pride, as the singular reputation for learning, and advancement in Christian knowledge, which, in the first ages after the introduction of Christianity, won for it the name of *Insula Sanctorum*—the Isle of Saints. According to the concurrent and unanimous testimony of ancient writers, the Irish people were then so eminent for the study of philosophy and letters, and more especially of the Sacred Scriptures; the country was so thickly studded with schools, colleges, and religious establishments, that students from all parts flocked to it in great numbers, to prosecute both general and theological knowledge. The causes of the preference then given to an Irish education were not only the strict discipline observed in the schools of Ireland, and the knowledge of Holy Scriptures, possessed by our old divines, but the character they maintained for ability in instructing others in it. We shall have other opportunities of adducing proofs of what we have here stated; but, at present, we would confine ourselves to introducing to the notice of our readers one peculiarly eminent saint, of ancient times, in Ireland—St. Columbanus—whose character is one of deep and singular interest and importance in reviewing the ancient Church history of Ireland. Mr. Carew, the Maynooth Church Historian, represents St. Columbanus (as, in truth, he was) a model for Catholics. He was born in 539, or 559, of a respectable family, in Leinster (nearly 1,000 years before Luther), and from his early childhood was remarkable for applying to his studies with such diligence that he soon became a proficient in grammar, rhetoric, geometry, and the range of the Divine Scriptures. He also soon began to evince the strong influence of the latter in his heart; and finding that he was beset, when at home, by companions not calculated to promote his religious improvement, he left Leinster, and placed himself under the care of a venerable person, named Senile, Abbot of Cluaninis, in Lough Erne, who had a high reputation, among his countrymen at that time, for his singular piety and accomplishment in the study of the Sacred Scriptures. Columbanus made such good progress under the instruction of this holy man that, while yet a very young man, he wrote an exposition of the Book of Psalms, in elegant language, and composed many other pieces, profitable for communicating instruction. He subsequently became a missionary in France, and other parts of Europe, and exercised great influence over the Continental Church, by the great energy of his character, his intimacy with different kings, and the number, activity, and devotedness of his followers, and the eminence to which they attained.

We shall have occasion again to refer to this eminent individual, whom every pious student of Irish ecclesiastical history must always regard with veneration and love, even where he may find it needful to appeal from his views on certain points, to an authority more ancient and higher than he. St. Columbanus, among other good and noble qualities, was peculiarly distinguished by his honest love for Ireland, and the pride and pleasure with which, whether among Franks or Lombards, at Luxem, or at Bobio, he ever reverted to the soil which gave him birth. For the present we have, perhaps, said enough to interest our readers in his writings, and would begin, by introducing to them the translation of one of his Instructions, for which we are indebted to the valuable work of Mr. King, on the Church History of Ireland, 3rd vol., page 975.

ST. COLUMBANUS'S INSTRUCTION ON THE SUBJECT "OF JESUS CHRIST THE LIVING FOUNTAIN, AND OF COMING TO HIM FOR DRINK."—Given as INSTRUCTION XIII., p. 74, in FLEMING.

The preacher, though diffident of his abilities, must in faithfulness labour to the best of his

"Impressed with a strong sense of the misery of human life, as brought before us in the observations of every-day experience, and with solemn reverence, at the same time, for the Divine Oracles, we have been led to exhibit, in the discourses which you have already

power in the enforcement of Christian truth.

heard, however inelaborate their style, the best efforts, feeble though they be, of our humble ability; and however this way of talking on our part may haply appear superfluous in the eyes of others, yet to ourselves it seems appropriate enough that the discourse should begin with allusions of a personal nature, such as these. For it is not so much the indolence of others, as our own, that we are endeavouring to arouse. And, moreover, although to the perfect in wisdom these advances towards wisdom [which we are engaged in] may prove not entirely satisfactory, still for beginners, and poor, lukewarm creatures like ourselves, they must be regarded as unavoidable, and well adapted enough to our case. For what cannot be concealed, what cannot be kept silent, without doing harm, it is inexpedient to hide and inexpedient to hush. For this reason, therefore, it seemed to us better to speak, even in a homely style, than to observe silence. For we have judged it to be undoubtedly safer to employ our conversation on such topics as these, than on others that are either idle or frivolous.

Christ, the spring of living waters, how to be approached and applied by the believer.

"Lend, then, your ear once more, brethren, dearly beloved, to our observations, as [persons] convinced of the necessity of paying attention to the lessons which you hear [on such occasions as this]. And refresh your thirst, yet not so as to extinguish it, at the waters of this divine fountain, concerning which we are now desirous to speak. Drink, yet not so as to be satiated. For the living fountain, the fountain of life, now summons us to himself and says, S. John vii. 37. 'Whosoever is athirst let him come unto me and drink.' Observe what it is you are to drink. Let Isaiah inform you; let the Fountain himself inform you—'And they have forsaken me, the Fountain of living water, saith the Lord.' It is the Lord, then, himself, Jesus Christ, our God, that is the fountain of life, and he, therefore, invites us to himself, the Fountain, that we may drink. He drinks who loves him; he drinks who takes his fill of the Word of God; who has a perfect love for him, a perfect longing after him; he drinks who is inspired with a burning love for wisdom. Let us, Gentiles, then drink with eagerness from that [fountain] which the Jews forsook [For to us also, as well as to other Gentiles, may apply that saying about 'those who open not their mouths,' and we, too, may be exhorted to open the mouth of our inner man, to eat with anxious haste and S. John vi. 33. 'eagerly that bread which cometh down from heaven.']

In order, then, that we may eat of this bread—that we may drink of this fountain, [both of which are one and] the same Jesus Christ our Lord, (who speaks of himself as though he were to be used by us for food, [under the title of] the living bread, which giveth life to this world; and in like manner pointing to himself as the fountain, he saith, 'Whosoever is athirst, let him come unto me and drink,' concerning which fountain also the prophet saith, 'For with thee is the fountain of life.' See whence that fountain flows; for it is from the same source from which the bread also descends; because it is the same one who is the bread and the fountain, the only Son, our God, the Lord Christ, whom we ought unceasingly to hunger after; and although we are eating of him in loving him, although we devour him by our longing after him, yet let us continue our longing after him, as though hungry still. In like manner, that we may always drink of him, the Fountain, with exceeding pleasure, drink of him unceasingly in the full eagerness of our longing after him, and be delighted with his grateful sweetness (for the Lord is sweet and pleasant), though we do eat of him and drink, yet let us ever still hunger and thirst for him. For this our food and drink can never be entirely consumed nor exhausted; for although used, it is not spent; though drunk of, it doth not waste; because our bread is eternal, and our fountain is ever flowing, and ever sweet. Whence the prophet saith, 'Ho, ye that thirst, come to the Fountain.' For this fountain is for such as thirst, not for those who feel satiety; and therefore it is v. 6. that he invites to himself the hungry and thirsty, upon whom, elsewhere, he pronounced a blessing—who are never satisfied with drinking, but the more they have swallowed, the more thirsty will they be.

The preciousness of Christ to them that receive him. Col. ii. 3.

"What reason have we, brethren, to desire and seek after, and love unceasingly, that fountain of wisdom, the Word of God on high, 'in whom are hidden,' as the apostle saith, 'all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge,' [treasures] which he is inviting those that are thirsty to draw upon? Art thou thirsty? Drink [here] of the fountain of life. Art thou hungry? Eat [here] of the bread of life. Blessed are they that hunger for this bread, and thirst after this fountain. For, [though they be] always eating and drinking, yet retain they their desire to be eating and drinking still. For exceedingly delicious must be that food which is continually made use of for meat and drink, and yet is continually

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the object of hungering and thirst; ever fresh upon the taste, and ever still desired, whence the Royal prophet *Psa. xxxiv.* is led to use that exclamation—“*O taste, and see how sweet, how gracious, the Lord is!*”

“Let us then, brethren, obey this call, in which we are invited to the fountain of life, by [him who is] the life, who is the fountain, not only of living water, but the fountain, also, of eternal life, the fountain of light, and the fountain of illumination; for from him are all these things, wisdom, life, light everlasting. He is the author of life, the fountain of life. He is the Creator of Light, he the fountain of illumination. And, therefore, thinking lightly of the things that are seen, and [“soaring high toward heaven, let us seek to drink like fishes, yet, as fishes endued with the height of reason and sagacity”], of [that] living water that springeth up unto life eternal.”

“Oh, that thy summons may bring me thither to that fountain, thou God of mercy, thou Lord of goodness; that there, in company with thy thirsty ones, I, too, may drink of the living stream of the living fountain of living water! that, so charmed with its exceeding sweetness, I may abide by it for ever, exclaiming, ‘Oh, how sweet is the fountain of living water, whose water never ceases springing up unto everlasting life!’ Thou, O Lord, art that true fountain, for ever and ever to be desired, though [at the same time] ever enjoyed, and ever drunk of. Give to us evermore, O Lord Christ, this water, that it may be in us, also, a well of water living and springing up unto life everlasting. Great, indeed, is the boon I seek for; who can doubt it? But thou, the King of Glory, art wont to give great favours, and hast promised to give them. Nothing can be greater than thyself; and thou hast given thyself to us; thou hast given thyself for us. Grant us, therefore, we beseech thee, that we may know the object of our love; forasmuch as it is nought else beside thyself that we are seeking to have bestowed upon us. For thou art our all, our life, our light, our salvation, our food, our drink, our God. Breathe into our hearts, I pray thee, O our [beloved] Jesus, that inspiration of thy spirit, and wound our souls with thy love, that every heart among us may be able to exclaim with truth, ‘*Show me him that my soul loveth, for I am wounded with love.*’”

“Grant, O Lord, that these wounds may be in me. [For] happy is the soul that is so wounded with love. Such an one seeks the fountain; such an one drinks of it; yet while drinking, continues ever thirsty; and [at the same time] by its longing desires keeps quaffing on; it drinks unceasingly, by continuing its thirst. Thus, in its love, it is ever seeking after him; and its cure is found in submitting to fresh wounds. And, oh, that these health-giving wounds may penetrate to the inmost recesses of our souls, through the gracious operation of Jesus Christ, our God and Lord, the merciful and wise Physician, who is one with the Father and the Holy Ghost, for ever and ever. Amen.”

[In our next number we hope to give a copy of the celebrated hymn of St. Patrick, the most ancient document extant in the Irish language.]

We shall ever be much more anxious to promote truth, and encourage virtue, than to command admiration, or amuse our readers by originality or fine writing. We shall, consequently, be ready and anxious to reproduce the best things we can command, whether already well known to the studious or not. The truths of astronomy and geometry are just as fresh now as they were in the days of Galileo or Newton; and, as we write for the good of others and not fame for ourselves, we can afford to smile at the fastidiousness of the pedant, or the sneer of the critic. He who would be deterred by such influences, may as well retire from the strife, and leave the field to sturdier spirits. If any of our readers, therefore, are disposed to believe in the omnipotence of literary novelty, let them look elsewhere than to us, to gratify their taste. Novel and effective materials for thought we hope to supply as abundantly as the native gold of California or Bathurst, but have neither time nor inclination to waste our energies on the form of the vehicle in which the precious ore is carried forth into the world. We shall make no further apology for reprinting what may be already known to some, but new to a large number of our readers, and which, we hope, will give offence to none of them, as it treats of

IRISHMEN'S RIGHTS.

Every man has got his own rights, except the man that lets them be taken away from him; and it would not be hard to say what the like of such a man is, only that it is not civil to call names. Yet to have some rights, and not to know what they are, is as good as

not having them at all; so I will tell you what some of an Irishman's rights are.

Every man has a right to breathe the free air of heaven, at least; and will any one deny that a man has a right to the springs of water from the earth? Who has ever been thirsty on a warm day, and felt the freshening of a good draught from the river as it flows along? Has not every man a right to that? Now, if you will attend to a story, you shall see what all this is driving at.

It was on a hot day in August—suppose we call it the 24th; that was a very hot day once upon a time—some Irish boys were working hard in a dry part of the land where there was no water. The Shannon flowed not far from them; and when they were all dried up with thirst, off they set to quench it at those waters. But they were stopped short of the banks of the river; for the only part they could come at was fenced off with a railing, made of strong posts, very high, with spikes at the top, and a deep ditch to hinder coming near. The poor fellows could see through it, to be sure; so that they could observe that the river was broad, and shone beautifully as it rolled along. There was a gate to this fence, and a priest stood inside to take care of it; but it was bolted and barred, so that nobody could get through to get at the waters of the river.

“Please your reverence,” said one of the boys, “we want a drop of water: sure every Irishman has a right to a sup of the Shannon.”

“Never think of such a thing,” said his reverence; “you are much better without it; it is dirty water, and won't do you any good.”

“Dirty or clean, please your reverence, it will save a man's tongue from burning; and the boys are all dying with drought.”

“Och,” cries another, “look just over the river; there are plenty of them drinking of the waters on the other side.” And so sure enough there were.

“You are mistaken,” said his reverence; “those are nothing but Sasenachs—such water is only fit for heretics.”

“But is a poor Irish Roman to perish for thirst, then,” says Pat, “and the river all flowing before him, enough to make his mouth water, if it was all dried up past watering?”

Hard as they all tried, his reverence would not open the way to the river.

“Is his reverence never thirsty himself,” cried Mick, “that he has no compassion upon the throats of his flock?”

“And don't you know, Mick, that his reverence does not trouble the water when he is thirsty; seeing that he has got a regular supply of the real whisky that has passed the exciseman, besides the occasional drops of potteen? and these last are none of the fewest.”

Now, who shall deny that these poor fellows had a right to a drink of the Shannon, all large, and broad, and deep as it is, so that all the throats in Ireland would never make the sea think it was less of a river, when she kissed its broad mouth between Kerry and Clare? And yet these poor fellows were not the more like to get their right. But presently there was some one seen inside the railings, that would be trying to help the boys in their extremity of thirst. Nobody could tell how he got there; whether he scrambled over the fence, or swam from the other side, or, more likely, dropped down from heaven, sent by the holy and blessed Lord himself. He ran to the river, and dipping his hand in, he brought as much as he could in the hollow of it, and the best of good water it was: and he just handed it over to the first poor fellow that would take it; but the priest ran to stop him; and then he slipped round to the other end, with another handful of clear water; and so he slipped about whilst the priest was in a terrible passion—mad entirely. But some of the poor fellows got a sprinkling; and they that did, found it so refreshing, that nothing would serve them but they must have some more; and so they went higher up, or lower down in the river, however far it might be; and never rested till they came to the place where they could stoop down and drink, and drink, and drink, so that they never thirsted again (John iv. 13, 14); while the poor fellows that stopped outside the priest's railings were left to die; for “never mind,” said the priest, “I'll say a mass for their souls when they are in purgatory; and that will be better than a drop of water to save their lives now.”

I was going to give an explanation of this story; but there is no occasion: for is there ever an Irishman that wants to be told what it means? and why should I waste time to tell him the meaning, when surely it is in his heart he feels what it means? And is it not the Lord Jesus Christ himself, blessed be his Holy Name, who has said “If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink?”—John vii. 37. Every man has a right to “take the water of life freely.”

HOW IS UNITY TO BE EFFETED?

If the members of the Church of England and Ireland are ever to be reconciled to the Church of Rome, or those of the Church of Rome to the Church of England, it is obviously to be effected by other means than exciting men's passions against one another. It is easy to

foster and increase prejudice and bad feelings, either in Roman Catholics against Anglicans, or Anglicans against Romanists. *Mutual hate*, however, is as little likely to promote unity, as penal laws on the one side, or curses and anathemas upon the other. It is high time that such weapons should be laid aside, as unworthy of those engaged in the pursuit of truth; much more of those anxious to follow the example of their great Redeemer, whose advent was announced as “Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good-will towards men.” Let Catholic laymen, of whatever church or form of worship they may be, at least agree henceforth to repudiate and set at nought such irrational and unchristian attempts to prevent the progress of truth, on whichever side it may ultimately prove to be; and let them teach hot-headed zealots and despotic priests, that to succeed in forwarding their respective views, they must yield to the enlightened spirit of the times, and follow the example of the lowly Jesus, whom they all affect to take as their model, and whose glory they desire to promote. As long as we ourselves act on these principles, we fear not what bishops or priests may do in the attempt to put us down by any other means than calm and candid reasoning. Any other attempt, we venture to foretell, will recoil upon themselves, and stimulate, rather than repress, the growing desire to know what others say and think of the momentous matters which are of common interest to all mankind; and to clear up the doubts and suspicions which will intrude on all intelligent and thoughtful minds, whether they confess them, or whether they do not. If the whole Synod of Thurles were to anathematize us, we would tell them they will fail in quenching the inextinguishable craving for light and knowledge on the questions upon which we treat. Irishmen may remain for ever attached to the Church of Rome, but, if they do, they will at least do so, not because they are afraid to examine, or have been dragooned into maintaining such union, but because, after examination, they have sincerely come to the conclusion and belief, that there is more truth, more virtue, more learning, more piety in that church, than in any other. From such a decision there would be no appeal. Such a decision would be worthy of a wise, a good, and a free nation. Such a triumph would be the greatest jewel in the tiara of the Pontiff. If he be truly the Vicar of Christ upon earth, and can be proved to be so, we may ourselves be reconciled to his supremacy, and die in his sense of the words Catholic laymen; but, until we are convinced that the Church of Rome is truly an infallible representative of Christ upon earth, we must be allowed to discuss its claims, as becomes freemen enjoying the blessings of a free press, in a free country; and to attempt to deter either us or others from using the rights of freemen, will, we venture to predict, injure instead of advancing the cause of those who are mad or desperate enough to resort to such unjustifiable and worn-out means of propping up their cause. We crave the attention of those who may inconsiderately contemplate such a course, to the succeeding article.

“THE CURSE CAUSELESS SHALL NOT COME.”

Prov. xxvi. 2.

THE era of burning men's bodies, to save their souls, has passed away for ever. Fire and faggot, we venture to believe, will never again call down the vengeance of heaven: even the voluntary Indian Suttee* seems fast passing away before the rising dawn of reason in the east. At any rate the day is long passed when Catholics could burn Protestants, or Protestants Roman Catholics, in the equally weak and wicked attempt to compel all human minds to unity of belief and doctrine. If our forefathers, three centuries ago, had studied the Holy Scriptures as carefully and piously as did St. Patrick and St. Columbanus, they would have found there what would have led them to know better. They could not have failed to find that the gracious words of the Saviour of the world savoured of a far different spirit. Blessing, not burning, was the test of his kingdom. When the Samaritan villagers would not receive him, because his face was as though he would go to Jerusalem, James and John said, “Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them, even as Elias did?” He turned and rebuked them, and said, “Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of, for the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them; and they went to another village.”—Luke ix. 52-56. They would have found, and others still may find, in the same Holy Scriptures, if they would but follow the holy examples of the same Patrick and Columbanus in using them, that cursing is no more in accordance with the spirit of Jesus than burning with fire on earth, or calling down fire from heaven. Blessing, not cursing, is the Divine mode of

* Such of our readers as have access to the *Quarterly Review* for September, 1851, No. 178, will find in it an interesting account of this important movement, perhaps the most remarkable recorded in Eastern annals. Within the last seven years, the Hindoos have exhibited, for the first time within historical memory, the phenomena of religious change. For the benefit of such of our readers as may not have access to the original account, furnished by the late Chairman of the Committee of East India Directors, we purpose giving, in our next number, a short epitome of it, containing a brief view of this deeply interesting and almost incredible movement in Hindostan.